WEEKLY VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. I.] SATURDAY, March 26, 1803. [No. 25.

JULIA.

KARAMSIN'S RUSSIAN TALE.

(Continued from p. 186.)

JULIA was sensible of her danger, and insisted, that the wedding-day should be fixed. In the mean time the prince made use of all his arts to overcome Julia's fortitude. But in vain!—In those moments, when to all appearance she was on the point of forgetting herself, she with a stern look, made him keep his distance; so that at last he gave up all hopes of being happy without the name of a husband.

As Julia awoke one morning, with the thoughts of her beloved prince, she received a billet to the following purport:

"You are charming, Julia—but what is more charming than liberty! It is painful to me to leave you; but the thoughts of an indissoluble tie is much more painful for me to endure. The heart bears no constraint, and ceases to love when it pleases. What then are the bands of wedlock, but an insupportable yoke?—You do not choose to love after my manner, for love's sake alone, as long as the inclination of the heart continues.——Farewel, then! call me faithless if you please,—that I have broken my word;——but it is an old maxim, that the oaths of lovers are written on sand, which the slightest breeze effaces. With so many amiable qualities, it will not be difficult for you to find a worthy husband—who, perhaps, may possess the rare virtue of truth and constancy!—There are phœnixes—but I am not one, at least, in that sense. I shall, therefore, trouble you no more.—I leave Moskow. Farewel.

PRINCE KARIN.

Julia trembled in every joint, and fell, after the manner of the new Didos, into a fainting fit. When recovered from it, she found some relief in abusing the men. "They are altogether faithless, perjured villains! They have tiger hearts. Poison is hid beneath their tongues. Their tears are crocodile's tears, and whoever trusts to them is inevitably lost."—In these and such like colors the enraged Julia painted mankind. Such kind of passionate accusations are to be excused; but are they just? are then the hearts of all men cast in one mould! must all be answerable for one? But the passions seldom make good logicians: they take easily one for all, and all for one.

Julia's misfortune was known throughout the town the next day. "The prince has forsaken Julia," was the word; and the men shrugged their shoulders, while the women smiled maliciously, and each secretly thought, "He would certainly not have forsaken me."—How was it possible for Julia now to appear? She hated the world; and did not quit her room for many weeks.

A fortnight after this affair, Boris announced himself. After a little reflection she gave orders to admit him. Poor Boris! the arrow of Julia's eloquence fell on him equally with the rest of his sex. Like a convicted malefactor he was obliged to listen to the bitterest reproaches. Another, in his situation, had perhaps struck Julia with one word dumb, and made her blush with shame; but the good Boris loved. He did not come to shame the injured Julia.

Julia was satisfied with his visit. She wished to see him again; and she lost by degrees her anger against mankind. The tender, affectionate noble heart of Boris, which in the bustle of the great world she could not have been able to judge of so well, as in the confidential converse of her quiet apartment, made an impression on her. "Why," with tears exclaimed she, "why are not all men like you? Love would not then be for us the source of misery."——Boris took advantage of this moment, and Julia promised to be his; but under the condition that they should retire from the world. "The wicked world does not deserve to witness our happiness;" she said, "its ridiculous vanity is hateful to me. Let us, dear Boris, retire into the country." "My whole life shall be dedicated to your happiness, incomparable Julia," answered Boris.

"Gladly with you will I live at the extremity of the globe; and never, either by a reproach or complaint, give you cause for sorrow. Your wish shall be my law. For my happiness I have to thank you; it is therefore my duty to prevent your wishes, and depend solely upon you." Boris did not deceive Julia. —But Julia?—We shall see—The first six or seven weeks passed over in the country like a serene day. The worthy husband was happy in the possession of his charming wife, and Julia returned his tenderness with equal love. An ardent passion inspired both hearts. Nature seemed to partake in their happiness. Spring appeared every where in its full beauty. The sweet scents of the flowers, the warbling of the birds——every thing conspired to increase the transport of the tender pair.

"Good God!" exclaimed Julia, "how can any body live in town? how is it possible ever to forsake the country? Nothing is there but confusion and disquietude; here blooms the pure state of innocence. There reigns perpetual constraint; here peace and freedom. Ah! dear Boris"——and with the tenderest looks she pressed his hand on her heart ——"Ah! dear Boris, in the peaceful country, in the bosom of nature alone, can a sentimental mind enjoy the plenitude of love."

The praises of Julia on a country life grew colder and less frequent towards the close of summer; but, when pensive autumn took place of the delightful summer; as the flowers in the gardens and fields drooped, and the leaves fell from the trees, the birds retired, and it began to be every where lonely and melancholy,—she quite lost all inclination to extol a country life. Boris perceived she began to feel *ennui*. Sighing, he he took up a volume of the New Heloise, and read to her an extract, on the happiness of mutual love. Julia listened to him with attention, and said "Charming! but yet, Rousseau is more followed from imagination than conviction. It were indeed well, if it was to continue so. Certainly the bliss of love is the greatest of all blessings; but can it always remain the same? will it ever satisfy the mind? will it ever be an equivalent for all other enjoyment? Ah! the heart of mankind is insatiable: it always requires novelty—new ideas and impressions, which renovate and strengthen its feelings. I believe the most ardent love must languish, and tire at last, in solitude. Comparison is required to enhance the worth of a beloved object." —Boris answered, sighing; "I thought otherwise; however—to-morrow we will take a journey to town."

Julia appeared again on the theatre of the great world, with all the blaze of fresh beauty, riches, and splendor. She was received with transport, and roses sprang up under all her steps. One pleasure chased away the other, one diversion followed the other,—as formerly; with only this difference, that now, as a wife, she could enjoy all the dissipation of life with much less restraint than before. She opened her house to receive company, and had parties at home, four times at least, in a week. Boris was silent, and did every thing she pleased. She felt the delicacy of his conduct, and when alone, rewarded him for it, with the most transporting caresses. "Do you not perceive," said she, with an enchanting smile, "that the pleasures of the town, and the change of object, is a renewal of our love? My heart, harrassed with the dissipation of the world, so joyfully reposes itself in your embraces."—Boris sighed,—but so gently it was not heard by Julia.

One evening, when Julia received visitors, Boris saw prince Karin enter among other company. He turned pale, and was violently agitated; but recovered himself in a few moments so far as to receive the prince with civility; but he took care to avoid meeting the eyes of Julia during the whole evening, that he might not distress her; fearing she would read the uneasiness of his heart in his looks.

After supper, when the company had departed and Julia found herself alone with Boris, she took his hand and said, smiling; "did you observe, my dear Boris, with what cool civility I treated prince Karin? It would have been ridiculous to have shut our doors against him. Let the indiscreet Narcissus feel, that he is now perfectly indifferent to me, that my former folly has not left one trace in my heart, and that I have no cause to fear him."——Boris kissed her hand and owned, that he thought her conduct was very proper.

In a few days, Julia had again company, and the prince came there also. He was gay, entertaining, witty, and hardly spoke to any one except the mistress of the mansion. With regard to Boris, he hardly noticed him at all; in a word, he played the part of a *man of the ton*.

At length, he never missed being at Julia's house. "What an agreeable house," cried both men and women; "Julia is an angel, added one;" "the amiable prince Karin dispenses pleasure around him," said another. Mean while people began to make observations: some regarded Boris with a smile, others with a shrug of the shoulders. "What is there to wonder at?" whispered one to the other, "old love is never forgot. And now one is more secure.—The husband is a quiet good soul—and all is in a proper train."

Boris's behavior to Julia remained just the same as usual; but in her, he soon remarked an alteration. She was often absorbed in thought. Sometimes she turned red, sometimes pale.—She tried to hide her uneasiness, sometimes would throw herself with vehemence around the neck of Boris, appear as if she had something to impart, yet say not a word. The prudent Boris also remained silent. Only, when in the dusk, he wandered along his favorite walk, tears streamed from his eyes.

One day, as he returned home towards evening, he hastened towards his favorite walk. The first object which, as he entered it, met his eyes, was prince Karin, who was sitting with Julia on a grass bank. Her head rested on his shoulder, and her looks were fixed on the ground. The prince, kissing her hand, said:—"You love me—and I should expire with desire in your arms! Julia, do you think it right to conform to prejudices?—follow the dictates of your heart,—follow——" Julia heard a rustling, and looked round——she shuddered as she perceived Boris. But who can describe the feelings of the unhappy husband?—What should he do?—stab the faithless being?—satiate his vengeance in the blood of the traitress, and then turn the steel against his own bosom?—No!——he certainly had to combat with his rage, but it was only for a moment.

To be continued.

The Student,

No. VII.

Oh! Sov'reign of the willing soul—
——The sullen cares.
And frantic passions, hear thy soft control.

BEATIE.

I HAD just taken up my pen, when I received the following. As the subject is a pleasing one: it must at this time exclude every other; and I request Tim to receive my sincere thanks for this industry.

Mr. Student,

I am not insensible to your good opinion, and a desire to preserve it, induces me to send you a *second* essay. As my last one "obliterated the memory of past neglect," so I hope that this will effectually restore me, to your intimate and desired acquaintance. Indeed sir, I must tell you, that the desire of meriting your praise, has considerable influence; and that if I did not expect to gain it, I might continue obstinately silent. This expectation may be condemned by those, who "plod their weary way" through life, without being animated by applause, or affected by censure; but to their opinion I am indifferent. They may enjoy undisturbed a dull and uniform insipidity, whilst I am willing to enter the checkered scenes of variety, and to risk my success in the pleasure of the attempt. But stop!—this is not intended as an essay on *myself*, and must therefore give way to a more interesting subject.

Female loveliness was always a topic, on which I descanted with satisfaction; and the sex have in *me* one of their most vigorous champions. With an honest pride I have espoused their cause, in opposition to the censures and satires of my fellow students; and employed all the energy of argument and ridicule to silence their impertinence. Frequently I have triumphed; but sometimes obstinacy of disposition has thwarted all my exertions. My perseverance however has been unceasing, and was the "age of chivalry" revived; I might aspire to be invested with the order of *Knight Errantry*. "What are the boasted charms of the female sex?" said my fellow student Nicholas, the other day. "If they are pretty, they become vain, pert and coquetish, trifle with the sincerest lover, and prefer the affected nunskull, to the man of solid merit. Have they read beyond Fairy Tales, Cinderella, &c. they display their *erudition* with all the consequence of a philosopher. And we must patiently submit to all this, and with true French *politesse* applaud every thing that is said or done."

I heard him attentively throughout, and then answered. "Your observations my friend," for in argument I am very mild, "appear to be drawn from some particular examples, and you unjustly condemn the whole sex, for the foibles of a few. This is not right. Besides, from the spirit with which you speak, I suspect you have been jilted by some fair one. Your judgment is then not unprejudiced—But allow that you are right, as applied to *some*, will your limited acquaintance with ladies, allow it to extend to *all?* Will you not say, that if *some* are vain, pert and coquetish; *many* are modest, amiable and innocent. Take then one of these, and consider whether 'lovely woman' is not entitled to your respect, esteem and admiration. Is Anna forward, coquetish and presuming? Granted. But what is Amelia? Are you insensible to the interesting sweetness of her countenance, animated by an agreeable cheerfulness; to the mild lustre of her eye, the charms of her fascinating conversation, joined to the attractive graces of her behavior? Will you refuse approbation even here? and yet there are many Amelias. Those whom you describe, are not the *female sex*. They are a few, who from the vanity of beauty or sense, think themselves privileged to assume a behavior, however eccentric, displeasing or unamiable: but destitute of that real merit which forms the ornament of their sex, that retiring grace which engages and strengthens our affection; they are soon neglected by those whose attentions are most flattering.

"Should you form a scene of happiness, would it be complete without a female? How would you imagine a situation of

"Thought meeting thought and will preventing will"

if you exclude the refinement, the softness, the sensibility of woman? Your hours would be cheerless and uncomfortable, and you would pass through life without participating in its most exquisite enjoyments. The mild influence of spring, the beauty of creation, is not for solitary selfish man; he must impart his sentiments, and his pleasures in order truly to enjoy them; and he no where finds so sincere a participation, as in the bosom of female virtue. So my friend Nicholas,

"You now must love, who never lov'd before;
"And those who always lov'd, must love still more."

I concluded this *eloquent vindication* with *eclat*; and waving my arm in triumph, strutted across the room to my seat. Nicholas remained silent for some time, quite overpowered by my arguments, and I was pleased to observe the effect they had on him—His answer gave me some hopes of "turning him from the error of his ways;" and if I convince him, his recantion shall be sent to you, as a proof of *his* candor, and *my* assiduity. My vanity will certainly be gratified by this, as Nicholas though *an infidel from the true faith*, possesses genius and talents.

From my attention to you, Mr. Student, I hope you will now allow me a short respite; as I promise again to return with renewed pleasure, to the pleasing employment of writing to you.

TIM TRUANT.

Really Tim flatters with a grace, and I suspect he sometimes neglects *Metaphysics* to study *Chesterfield*.

OMEGA.

From my Elbow-Chair,
Syntax Hall.

P. S. I was honored the other day with a communication, signed, *Charles W. Curious*. He certainly is a *curious* fellow, and his curiosity is of the most plausible kind. Man "know thyself," seems to be his favorite maxim. He is very anxious to be acquainted with the real state of his requisites for a *hero of the garret*, and very kindly makes an appeal to Omega for his opinion: and he shall quite as considerately withhold that opinion. For not to rank Mr. Curious among the knights of *frenzied memory*, I consider no mere expression of opinion sufficient to dissipate the delusion of a *moon-struck* poet: besides, an author's request for the opinion of the reader, is but a disguised claim on his approbation. Therefore, not to disappoint Mr. Curious by an expression of *qualified* praise, I shall leave him to the opinion of the public, "from which" there is truly "no appeal." He will find his darling snugly seated on the Parnassian saddle of the week.

Messrs. Editors,

Hoping you will treat my second attempt with less severity than the first, I venture to address you,

your's, &c.

G.

SOLOMON AND SHEBA.

I Recollect a story, which in the Talmud or Gemara some Rabbin has attributed to Solomon.

The power of this monarch had spread his wisdom to the remotest parts of the known world. A private scholar, in general, passes his life in obscurity, and posterity (a solitary consolation) spreads his name to the most distant regions: but when a king is a student, the case is reversed. Queen Sheba, attracted by the splendor of his reputation, or, more probably, urged by the insatiable curiosity of the female, visited this poetical king at his own court, with the sole intention of asking him questions. At the foot of the throne stood the inquisitive Sheba; in each hand she held a wreath—the one composed of natural, the other of artificial flowers. Art, in the labor of the mimic wreath, had exquisitely emulated the lively hues and variegated beauties of Nature, so that at the distance it was held by the queen for the inspection of the king, it was deemed impossible for him to decide—as her question imported, *Which wreath was the natural and which the artificial.* The sagacious Solomon seemed posed: yet, to be vanquished, though in a trifle, by a trifling woman, irritated his pride. The son of David!——he who had written treatises on the productions of Nature, from the cedar to the hyssop, to acknowledge himself outwitted by a woman, with shreds of paper and glazed paintings! The honor of the monarch's reputation for divine sagacity seemed diminished; the whole Jewish court looked solemn and melancholy. At length, an expedient presented itself to the king, and, it must be confessed, worthy of the natural philosopher. Observing a cluster of bees hovering about a window, he commanded that it should be opened; it was opened: the bees rushed into the court, and alighted immediately on one of the wreaths, while not a single one fixed on the other. The decision was not then difficult: the learned rabbins shook their beards in rapture, and the baffled Sheba had one more reason to be astonished at the wisdom of Solomon.

This would make a pretty poetical tale. It would yield an elegant description, and a pleasing moral; that the *bee* only rests on the natural beauties, and never fixes on the *painted flowers*, however inimitably the colors may be laid on.

FALSE CONJECTURES.

A Characteristic Tale,

From the French.

DALANCOURT brings into society a singular failing; he would penetrate the meaning of every one's actions. Ever since he thought himself a comic author, merely by writing a few farces, he imagines that he ought to be continually on the watch for new matter; to every trifling gesture he gives a mysterious meaning; he explains the most insignificant signs, and fathoms the intentions of all that he sees. If you walk out with him, he tells you the profession of every passenger, from whence they come, on what they think, and where they are going; if you press him, he will even tell you what business will occupy their attention the whole week.

Unfortunately Dalancourt has more curiosity than penetration, so that he is often, by following his first ideas, grievously mistaken in his conjectures, and, as he has still more self-love than curiosity, he will not easily alter his first opinion: on the contrary, every discovery only tends to confirm it, and every thing appears possible except that he is mistaken.

Dalancourt is married; his wife has a sister, who has been a widow several years, but still young and beautiful: the two sisters have the warmest friendship for each other, and are often together.

One day, on returning home, Dalancourt found them both alone; the eyes of his sister-in-law were still red with tears. When he entered, they rose with precipitation, and affected an air of gaiety. He heard his sister-in-law whisper the following words to his wife, which soon awoke his observing genius: "*Above all things, say nothing of it to your husband.*"

He immediately sets his imagination at work to find out this great secret which they wished to conceal from him.

A few days after, he conducted his wife to his sister-in-law's;—they had scarcely embraced each other, when the former said to the other, "*Well, is he not returned?*"—"*Alas! no,*" replied the sister-in-law; "*I plainly see that I must no longer hope for it, and I shall endeavor to console myself.*"

The question and answer were both spoken in an indifferent manner; but nothing is indifference to the observing Dalancourt; he has remarked in his sister-in-law a rooted sorrow; he immediately interprets the cause of it; her lover has abandoned her, and she regrets his absence. She is young, and full of sensibility. Dalancourt pitied her sincerely.

Dalancourt was at a loss to conjecture who the faithless lover could be. His sister-in-law lived very retired, and saw no person. This he construed into another proof of love: when one loves, all company is disgusting except that of the beloved object.

Firmly bent upon penetrating this mystery, he went to see his sister-in-law; he examined her; threw out several equivocal words; told her he had noticed her melancholy, and even gave her to understand that his wife had let out the secret. At last he said, "I know, in short, what afflicts you, and I am come to console you for the loss which you have sustained." "Pshaw!" cried the lady, "you mock me with your compassion; for you men have not the least feeling on such occasions." "Pardon me," replied Dalancourt, "I always participate in the affliction of a friend." "Well, then scold me, make me ashamed of my weakness. I will never indulge any more of these foolish affections: I have sworn it to myself, and I will keep my word." "Do not be too certain of any thing, my dear sister: have not you often resolved to have no more?" "Yes, truly, two or three times—every time that they went from me." "You have only had two or three different ones?" "That is enough." "It proves, at least, that you have kept them a long time." "Always

as long as I could; when I lost them it was not my fault." "I believe it." "I feel the stroke the more sensibly, because I would not wish any one to notice the chagrin which I endure."

After this conversation, Dalancourt was more convinced, than ever of the justice of his suspicions.

A few days afterwards he found in his wife's chamber a letter from his sister-in-law: it was unsealed: curiosity, and the insurmountable desire of verifying his observations, hurried him on: he read it, and found as follows:

After several trifling things, commissions, &c. he came to the following lines, every word of which made him tremble:

"I am much afraid that your prying husband has found out the cause of my sorrow. Can it be you who have betrayed me? I flatter myself that you have not. But be assured that I am half consoled for the loss which I have suffered. I wait with impatience for the birth of that little being, who will fill the place in my heart, which its father occupied. I will give it the same name, and I hope it will be as pretty as he was: but I flatter myself it will not be so ungrateful, and that it will never quit me."

Dalancourt's suspicions now became of an alarming nature. "It is but too clear," said he to himself, "I am not deceived. Unfortunate woman! But the mischief is done, and I must endeavor to console her."

Full of this idea, he hired an apartment in a retired part of the country, and a nurse. These precautions taken, he returned to his sister-in-law's. The next thing was, how to introduce so delicate a subject.

He began by slightly mentioning the misfortune which had happened to her, and the suffering she had endured in consequence of it. "I am sure, my dear sister," said he, "you must be in want of a little amusement. Suppose you were to pass some time in the country: my wife and myself intend to take a lodging there." "I thank you: I will come and see you sometimes, but I must remain at Paris." "I advise you not to do that: your neighbors and the public will find out the cause of your sorrow." "Oh! that they have done already; I have not concealed it, and they may think of it as they please." "That is acting with spirit, but your health will require care and better air." "Don't be afraid; I am not yet so foolish as to let such a trifle injure my health." "What! not in the state you are in?" "How, in the state I am in; what do you mean?" "You know that I am very observing." "Well, and what have you observed?" "You also know how much I love you, and I flatter myself that you owe me this confidence." "What confidence?" "Confess——pardon me, but I must speak plainly; confess——that you are with child," added he, bashfully, and lowering his voice. "I will sooner confess that you are mad," cried she, in a rage; "but where did you learn this?" "It is strange that you should pretend to deny it; you have written to my wife; I have seen your letter; and, since every thing must come out, an apartment in the country is hired for you, and all ready for your lying-in." "What are you talking about?" "Don't be offended; here is your letter; be upon good terms with a brother who loves you."

The sister-in-law looked at the letter, bursts into a fit of laughter, quitted the room, and entered a moment afterward with a basket, in which was a pretty little Angola cat. "Here it is, here it is," said she, holding her sides; "this is the little being which is to supply the father's place! It is the son of Lubin, that I was so fond of, and whose loss I have so much lamented. Your wife has deceived you, brother, or else this is a trait of your genius, one of your profound observations."

Dalancourt was petrified! his self-love suffered for a moment; but he soon raised the siege, and departed, saying to himself, "She has parried the thrust very cleverly; but I saw in her eyes that she meant to deceive; there is certainly something under all this which cannot long escape my penetration."

Two men were taken up last week as suspicious characters, because their clothes did not fit them.

If the rage for authorship goes on increasing, the faculty of writing with ink will shortly be stigmatized as a *black art*.

LOVE'S VOCABULARY.

(Continued from our last.)

Countenance.—A gay, smiling one, in a coquette, signifies encouragement; that she would be glad to enlist as many lovers as possible; that she would wish to see the men sacrifice her best friends to her; and that she keeps open a refuge for all deserters; that nothing but joy and mirth are to be found in her service; and that not to be in love with her, is to be one's own enemy, and defraud one's self of the pleasures of gaiety and unreserve. A cold, serious countenance in a mistress is an admirable expedient; when artfully employed, it leads to every thing, either a reconciliation or a rupture, just as she shall see fit. After a quarrel, it signifies that she will keep up the dignity of her sex, and give herself the pleasure of hearing her lover make new protestations. If this does not succeed, she may put on a tender countenance: but in this, the occasion, the humor of her lover, or her own passion, generally determines the difference.

Cruelty.—This expression does not so much signify the insensibility of a mistress, as the impatience of a lover.

Cupid.—The god of love, born out of the poets' brains, who paint him a child with wings, a quiver on his shoulder, a bow in one hand, a torch in the other, and a bandage over his eyes; all which emblematically signify, that he is figured like a child, because those who deliver themselves up to love, part with their reason for the silliness of that age. His bow and arrows denote his power to wound and pierce; the bandage over his eyes, his blindness; the torch, a light he carries for others, and not himself; his wings, his inconstancy.—This allegorical personage is, however, entirely banished from prose, and is even scarcely suffered in the modern Parnassus.

Dangler.—An insipid tribe of triflers, with whom the women divert themselves in perfect innocence, when they have nothing better to do. They are in a class of beings beneath their monkeys, parrots, and lap-dogs.

(To be continued.)

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, March 26, 1803.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N.YORK.

The city clerk reports the death of 31 persons during the week ending on the 20th inst. viz. of Consumption 3—Old age 1—Hives 1—Sudden 1—Dropsy 1—and 24 of diseases not mentioned. ——18 were adults, and 13 children.

Last Sunday evening, a sermon was preached in Trinity-Church, by Bishop Moore, and $462 collected for the benefit of the "*Society for the relief of poor widows with small children.*"

From the National Intelligencer.

By the following letter we possess the important fact that the Dey of Algiers has declared war against France.

Malaga, 1st Feb. 1803.

Sir,

I profit of two vessels on the departure for Philadelphia, and Salem, to acquaint you, that the French commercial agent in this place has just received advice that the Dey of Algiers has declared war against France. This intelligence is transmitted to him by his colleague in Barcelona, where a vessel had arrived with the news, and dispatches for the French government, which were immediately sent on by express. I hasten to communicate to you this important information, and am with much respect and regard, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

WM. KIRKPATRICK.

The governor of South-Carolina has issued his proclamation, offering a reward of $200 for the apprehension of the person or persons who murdered Charles James Air, esq. of the House of Representatives of that state, from Christ Church Parish. His body was found on the 8th inst. about 15 miles from Haddrill's Point, on the road leading from Charleston to Georgetown.

THEATRICAL REGISTER FOR 1803.

FRIDAY, MARCH 18.

A TALE OF MYSTERY, *Thomas Holcroft, esq.* and THE VOICE OF NATURE, *Dunlap.*

MONDAY, MARCH 21.

A TALE OF MYSTERY, *T. Holcroft,* GOOD NEIGHBOR, *W. Dunlap,* and RETALIATION, *M'Nally.*

We now proceed to give the story of Mr. Holcroft's admirable TALE OF MYSTERY.

Two noble Romans, brothers of the house of Bianchi, long previous to the period at which the drama commences, love the same lady: but she prefers the younger and most amiable, *Francisco,* who marries her secretly, from apprehensions of his violent and unforgiving brother, and conveys her from Rome to Savoy. The elder Bianchi however follows and finds means to decoy and deliver the unhappy *Francisco* into the hands of the Algerines, who kept him many years in captivity having deprived him of speech, by cutting out his tongue. During this period the elder brother takes possession of *Francisco's* estates; and his wife proving pregnant, is acknowledged as the wife of the friend with whom she had been left in Savoy. This friend dies without disclosing the secret and the lady likewise dying, her daughter *Selina* is received, as his niece, by *Bonamo* the brother of *Francisco's* Friend. *Francisco* escaping from captivity returns to Savoy, but finds no traces of his wife.

The elder Bianchi finding that *Selina* is an acknowledged heiress, projects an union between her and his son, and for that purpose removes from Rome to Savoy, and changes his name to *Romaldi.* The appearance of his brother threatens him with ruin; he way-lays him in the mountains of Arpennaz, and by the assistance of *Malvoglio,* a confidential servant, wounds and leaves *Francisco* as dead, receiving, himself, hurts in the struggle; particularly a bite on the back of his right hand. The wounded *Francisco* is saved by the courage and benevolence of *Fiametta,* the housekeeper of *Bonamo,* and the assistance and hospitality of *Michelli,* the miller of Arpennaz.

The much injured, cruelly persecuted *Francisco,* conscious that all his woes come from the same fell hand, and that hand, a brother's, determines to bear all in silence, rather than destroy the author of his woes, by disclosing the tale of guilt and horror. In the course of his solitary wanderings he presents himself at the door of *Bonamo,* making signs of extreme hunger, and is recognized by the good housekeeper, whom he knows is a second time his preserver. He is received and entertained by *Bonamo.* The pretended *Romaldi* arrives to propose the union of *Selina* and his son, and finding his brother in the house, determines to finish the long intended work of death as the only means he sees of extricating himself from the perilous situation he is in. The murder is prevented by *Selina,* who had overheard the conversation of *Romaldi* and *Malvoglio;* the household is alarmed, and *Romaldi* departs, threatening that if his proposals of union are rejected, he will blast the peace of *Bonamo's* family, at the same time reproaching him, with interested motives in rejecting his suit, and with wishing to unite *Selina* to his own son *Stephano,* to secure her riches. After the departure of *Romaldi, Bonamo* determines to secure *Selina's* happiness by the union *Romaldi* had reproached him with, and orders are given for that purpose: but all the preparations for the joyful event are destroyed by a letter from *Romaldi,* who declares *Selina* the child of crime and the daughter of *Francisco*—enclosing in the letter, a certificate of her birth. *Bonamo* turns the unfortunate father and daughter from his house; loading him with reproaches for not disclosing his story. All this *Francisco* bears, and departs without attempting to justify himself, rather than bring his persecutor to the scaffold by a disclosure. *Fiametta* continues true to the unfortunate, and directs his steps once more to the cottage of the honest miller *Michelli.*

In the mean time, *Montano,* a friend of *Bonamo,* having accidentally met with *Romaldi,* recognizes in him, the man whom he had assisted in the mountains of Arpennaz after the rencounter with *Francisco;* and who he afterwards was convinced, had assassinated that unfortunate victim; and immediately giving information to the magistracy; the archers are sent to apprehend the assassin. *Malvoglio* is taken and confesses: but *Romaldi* flies, disguised as a peasant, and takes refuge among the rocks of Arpennaz, the scene of his former crime.

He is encountered by *Michelli*, who not knowing him, receives him into his cottage; and coming out again meets *Francisco* and his lovely daughter. The miller as soon as he is conscious that it is *Romaldi* whom he has sheltered, flies to call the soldiers. *Romaldi's* first thought on seeing *Francisco*, is to kill him, but *Selina* throws herself before her father, and the criminal kneels and entreats death of his injured brother. *Francisco* accepts his pistol, but instead of listening to the voice of revenge, throws away the weapon, and prevails on the repentant wretch to attempt safety by flight. There being but one pass over the mountain, *Romaldi* is met by *Stephano* and the archers, and after a violent conflict falls and is disarmed. *Montano* and *Bonamo*, led by *Fiametta*, in search of *Francisco* and *Selina*, come in time to witness the scene. Every obstacle being now removed to the happiness of *Francisco*, *Stephano* and *Selina*, they express a wish to obtain mercy for the repentant criminal, and the piece concludes with the final triumph of justice and overthrow of vice.

The representation begins after a delightful overture, at the period of *Romaldi's* arrival to demand *Selina* for his son. *Francisco* has just been writing the heads of his story, in presence, and by command of *Bonamo*; *Stephano* standing by and reading the sentences as he commits them to paper. *Romaldi* being announced, *Francisco* attempts to avoid him, they meet;—and never were the feelings necessarily attendant on two such opposite characters better expressed than by Mr. Hodgkinson and Mr. Fennell in action, accompanied by the music of Mr. Pelissier. Mr. Hodgkinson was again very happy throughout the scene of dissimulation with *Bonamo* and at the entrance and abrupt departure of *Montano*: The music, troubled and discordant, finely aiding the action. All the performers concerned in the scene which begins with the attempt on *Francisco's* life, and concludes with its prevention through the agency of *Selina*, deserve the highest commendation. We have never seen any thing on our stage so well performed or so well received by the audience. The changes of the music, suited to each change of situation, —every pause—every start, so exquisitely adapted to the subject,—carried away the soul of the spectator, who, at each recollection, that the scene was unreal, burst out in rapturous applause. On *Bonamo's* consenting to unite *Stephano* and *Selina*, the change in the music, with the happy picture formed by Mr. Martin, Mrs. Johnson, Mr. Tyler, Mr. Fennell and Mrs. Hogg, concluded the act with an impression which we shall always remember with delight.

In act 2d Mr. Hogg made a great deal of the little part of *Piero*, and deserved the applause he gained. We have in a former number expressed our approbation of the enchanting music of this act. The management of the devices, the temporary garland canopy, the garland dance &c. reflects great credit on all concerned; and, by the introduction of the dance, so gracefully performed by Miss Hodgkinson, on the 3d night of representation, the fascination of the scene was compleated. Mr. Tyler expressed the feelings of *Bonamo* on dismissing *Francisco* and *Selina*, uncommonly well; and Mr. Fennell and Mrs. Johnson gave great effect to the dignified manner in which these unfortunate persons submit to the order. Mr. Martin and Mrs. Johnson were equally happy in the separation.

The great interest of the 3d act belongs to *Romaldi*: but in the previous scenes, Mr. Johnson in giving *Montano's* narrative, supported the reputation he has long established for judgment and superior correctness. We have already described both the scenery and action of the last scene: Here the acting of Mr. Hodgkinson, Mr. Fennell and Mrs. Johnson rose in excellence in proportion to the greatness of the situation, and produced an effect which will never be forgotten by the lovers of taste and genius.

After the first night's exhibition we expressed our enthusiastic approbation of the combination of effect which the painter, machinist and musical composer, had produced in the last scene: we have only to add that on each successive representation, we have discovered new beauties, and came away at the dropping of the curtain with increased admiration.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 23.

A TALE OF MYSTERY, *Holcroft*, and THE WATERMAN, *C. Dibdin*.

Whoever expects to satisfy his own desires by the possession of the thing he wishes for, is like him who would stifle a fire with straw.

HAIL WEDDED LOVE! NO LIBERTY CAN PROVE
SO SWEET AS BONDAGE WITH THE WIFE WE LOVE.

Marriages.

On Saturday evening, Flamen Ball, attorney at law, to Miss Ann Western, both of this city.

Same evening, Capt. Littlefield, to Miss Nancy Meeks, of this city.

On Wednesday evening, Mr. Andrew Hopper, to Mrs. Mary Mildenberger, both of this city.

Deaths.

On Monday morning, Mr. Henry Norton, merchant, of this city, aged 33.

Very suddenly, on the 23d inst. Mr. Thomas G. Hackett, in the 37th year of his age.

In Claverack, Wm. H. Ludlow, aged 63.

THEATRE.

This evening, (Saturday) March 26, will be presented,

Fraternal Discord.

To which will be added, an Opera, in 2 Acts, called, The

Highland Reel.

On Monday evening, March 28, 1803, will be presented,

ALFONSO,

KING OF CASTILLE.

With entertainments.

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TO THE PRINTING BUSINESS.

A smart boy of good morals.

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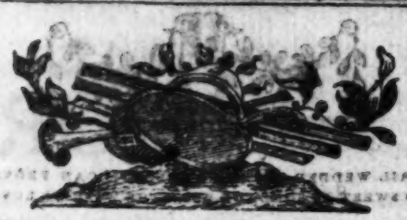

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

ENIGMA.

I Was born in a house that's possess'd by a devil,
And yet I speak good things, tho' often times evil.
I am of no party, yet all parties use me,
And what's something strange, they all do abuse me.
I'm of various sizes, and both black and white,
And I tell all I know and hide nothing from sight.
I have more names than one, yet but one can I claim,
And yet I continue forever the same.
I strange things reveal, which would never be known,
Of things that occur both in country and town.
Sometimes I am dress'd out in gaudy attire,
And sometimes so mean, that I nothing inspire.
I'm in every place, where there's sense to be found,
And sometimes I'm foolish, and sometimes profound.
Sometimes I'm witty, and sometimes I'm serious,
Sometimes I'm rational, and sometimes delirious.
I profess all religions, and every profession
That ever was heard of is in my possession.
In searching to find me, you need not to roam,
For if you can read, you may find me at home.

C. D.

We request an answer from some knowing one.

FOR THE VISITOR.

THE MOURNER.

IN groves deep shrouded from the noise of life,
Where reigns bleak solitude, remote from strife,
Where nought disturbs, where sacred stillness reigns,
Where oft the muse on golden pinions deigns
To cheer the lonely hour, and make herself a guest;
Far from self noise, dire enemy of rest,
I'd spend my life—for here my wandering feet
Would find a home with varied joys replete.
Scenes such as these would raise my drooping breast;
Here would my heart in contemplation rest.
Pleas'd with my lot, I'd view proud fashion's shrine,
Without one wish to call such pleasures mine.
My highest joy, my most exalted bliss,
Would center here, and crown my dearest wish.
Would heaven, propitious, grant me this request,
Would she do this and calm my troubled breast,
My life devoted at her sacred shrine,
Should prove me worthy of the girl divine.

C. W. C.

THE SLIGHTED MAID.

By the Rev. T. Browne.

THE bells that from you distant tow'r,
So jocund, Damon's marriage tell,
The vows they hail his blissful hour,
Will soon proclaim my funeral knell.
Ah! Damon, ere thy flatt'ring tale
My unsuspicious nature won,
I gaily sang o'er hill and dale,
Blithe as the bird that hails the sun.
Amidst the hymeneal train
Ah! should it to thy ear be borne,—
Thy slighted nymph along the plain
Strays, wretched rover! all forlorn;
Say, will a gentle struggling sigh
Escape amidst the festive scene?
Will mem'ry's retrospective eye
Look back on days that once have been?
When roving o'er the hallow'd ground,
Encircled all with mournful yew,
Should the green sod that clasps me round
Obtrusive catch thy careless view,
Say, as thou gazest on my doom,
With conscious feelings will thou glow?
And, to thy once lov'd Anna just,
Will pity's gust'ning current flow?
Ah, no! his earth's cold bosom said,
Let her, unwept, unknown, lie;
Nor, tho' 'twould soothe my lonely shade
Bestow on me one single sigh—
'Twould wrong the fair, the happy bride,
Whom kinder fates have join'd to thee;
Be then the last sad claim denied,
And never once reflect on me.

THE REPLY CHURLISH.

SAY pensive stranger, wherefore discontent
Spreads her black pinions o'er thy clouded soul,
Why on the ground art all thy glances bent?
Why does stern grief thy mournful breast control?
Say, dost thou groan beneath oppression's hand?
Hast thou of poverty's sad potion drank?
Or hast thou fled, for crimes, thy native land?
—Oh, no! but d—n it, sir, I'm *dying for want!*

EPITAPH.

For a Card-maker, or a Card-Player.

HIS *card* is *cut*—long days he *shuffled* through
The *pains* of life—he *dealt* as others do,
Though he by *honors* tells not it's amount,
When the *Destroyer play'd* a *trick*—will count.

FANCY BASKETS.

The Subscriber returns his grateful thanks to his friends and the public in general for the liberal encouragement he has experienced, and hopes for a continuance of their favors.

Just received, per the Ship Flora, Captain Lee, and Ship Orlando, Captain Marshall, from Amsterdam, an elegant assortment of Work, Toilet, Fruit, Wine Glass, Tumblers, Bread and Market Baskets, for sale by

JAMES THORBURN,
No. 24, Maiden-Lane,
Who keeps a constant supply of Cedar Tubs, Coolers, Pails, and other woodenware. feb. 19th.

FANCY CHAIRS.

Made as usual in the neatest style of elegance, by FRANCIS TILLOU, No. 22, Stone-Street.

N. SMITH,

Chemical Perfumer, from London, and the late New York Hair Powder and Perfume Manufactory, late Rose, Drop from the Fly-Market, up Maiden-Lane, in Liberty-Street, No. 8, New-York.

His Superfine White Hair Powder, 1s. 6d. per lb.
Do. Violet, double scented, 2s. do. do.
Do. Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.
His highly improved scented hard and soft Pomatum, 1s. per roll, double 2s. do.
His white almond Wash-ball, 6s. and 8s. each.
Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.
Do. Vegetable.
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